

it left something
to be desired.

He asked for the time
and I noticed
that he had no face,
no hands.

Good Humor

no one is laughing
everybody looks for signs

lips move
like concrete mixers
like grass wavering in the wind

beavers diddle in the hay
and cats tune their guts
for a tactical dance

sacred cows in wire pastures
coddle their agendas
count down their up

dogs see everything as sport
and heed a master voice
that chokes on nightly harks

dishes bask in suntanned cupboards
dripped dry from hasty puddings

silver sleeps in drawers
under the weather wear

the ice cream is melting

-- Ben Tibbs

Kalamazoo, MI

NOTES:.....
Seeking lyric poems: Karen & John Sollin, eds. new Spring Rain, P.O. Box 15319 Wedgwood Stat., Seattle WA 98115. ¶
Also seeking poems: Mike Murphy, ed.: Lebyadkin, 1415 Clearview St.(D-418), Philadelphia PA 19141. ¶ Kumquat:3 (last issue) now fm. Geof Hewitt, RD 4, Enosburg Falls VT 05450 -- also issues Jonathan Williams' Apocryphal, Oracular Yeah-Sayings of Mae West, unpriced. ¶ Harper Sq. Press publ. Levitations & Observations, \$1.75 as 3rd of their Gallery Series fm. 5649 South Harper Ave., Chicago IL 60637.